

In Memoriam

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J
JAMES CROSSEN

March 9th, 1826—December 9th, 1890

MARGARET JANE CROSSEN

May 12th, 1832—April 18th, 1901

FREDERICK JOHN CROSSEN

June 11th, 1870—March 14th, 1896

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JAMES CROSSEN

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

JAMES CROSSEN was born at Comber, County Down, Ireland, on the 9th of March, 1826, the son of James Crossen and Mary Abernethy Crossen. In the year 1842 his father came to America with his wife and nine children and settled on a farm in western New York, near Batavia.

In the year 1843 James Crossen, jr., came to Cobourg and later started a foundry. His business in fitting up mills took him far and wide through the country, then known as the Newcastle District. He became acquainted with the family of Rev. William Hayden at Cold Springs, and shortly after, on the 28th April, 1854, he was married to Margaret Jane, the third daughter of the Congregational minister. He was then 28 years of age and his bride six years younger. They settled in Cobourg, where they lived for the remainder of their lives. His business expanded until 1866, when he began the construction of ore and freight cars. From the building of simpler forms of cars, the business developed into a complete establishment for the erection and construction of all kinds of cars—freight, passenger and sleeping-cars. Good work, honest work, reliable work—these were guiding aims of his operations, and these were the foundations of his success. His elder son, William James Crossen, was associated with him in his work, and his younger son, Frederick John Crossen, was fitting himself to enter upon the same work. It was during his return from visiting his son Fred, then studying at Boston, that he was taken ill. He reached Montreal and was stopping at the home of his friend, Mr. Robert Cowans. Here he died on the 9th of December, 1890. This was the first break of the family circle. His beloved companion of over

46 years and his six children survived him. Of his father's family only his four sisters remained—Miss Eliza Crossen and Mrs. Margaret Burchard, of Minnesota; Mrs. Jane Gabby, of Pembroke, N.Y., and Mrs. Esther Geizer, of Albany, N.Y. Mrs. Gabby and Mrs. Geizer have since died.

DEATH AND FUNERAL.

The death in Montreal, of cerebral apoplexy, at 9 o'clock on Tuesday morning, the 9th inst., of Mr. James Crossen of this town, car builder, has produced the most intense sorrow amongst our citizens. The deceased gentleman, who was 65 years of age at the time of his death, was born at Comber, County Down, Ireland, and came to this country at an early age. His family settling in New York State, Mr. Crossen came on to Cobourg about 40 years ago. He engaged in the foundry business and gradually extended his operations into the building of cars of every description. His establishment at Cobourg is the finest in the Dominion and one of the finest on the continent; and the work turned out by him has been pronounced by competent judges as second to none in the world. The greater number of the finest sleeping and day cars on the C.P.R. and other lines were made at Mr. Crossen's works; and their perfect workmanship and excellence of finish and material have made his name known from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

A humble and unassuming Christian, an active member in the Division Street Methodist Church, he was one of nature's noblemen. His business and private career are models of honor, integrity and purity. As an employer of labor, he was firm though conciliatory, expecting every man in his employ to do his duty. He was glad and willing to pay a fair day's pay for a fair day's work. It is greatly to his honor that during all the years he was in business and during times of the most widespread labor troubles he never had any other than mere temporary trouble with any of his numerous employés.

He married Margaret Hayden, daughter of the late Rev.

William Hayden, and left two sons and four daughters. His mourning wife and family have the sincere sympathy of all the people.

“ He was a man, take him for all in all,
We ne’er shall look upon his like again.”

“ His life was gentle ; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, this was a man.”

Last Friday afternoon, in the presence of an immense concourse of people, the burial rite was read and the funeral song was sung over the mortal remains of the late James Crossen.

Long before 2.30—the hour appointed for the funeral to take place—Division Street Methodist Church was crowded to the doors with the friends of the deceased. Among those present were the Judges, the Sheriff, the magistrates and the officials of the county, the Mayor and members of the Town Council, lawyers and doctors, bankers and merchants, the Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor, professors and students of Victoria University. Men and women of all classes and of all creeds without distinction came together to pay tribute of respect to the memory of Cobourg’s chief captain of industry.

The altar and pulpit were covered with black crape. Above the pulpit there was a cross of roses, while at the foot lay an anchor of flowers.

From the house to the church the pall-bearers were : W. J. and Fred Crossen, sons of deceased ; Rev. Robert N. Burns, Professor C. C. James and W. R. Riddell, LL.B., sons-in-law, and Hon. Jabez Hayden, of Fort Wayne, Ind., brother-in-law.

As the corpse was borne up the south aisle the choir sang “ Nearer, my God, to Thee.” The bier was placed in front of the altar, the casket being almost buried out of sight beneath beautiful floral tributes—wreaths, pillows, crosses, anchors—that had come from all parts of the country. Among the purest designs were a pillow, sent by George Guillet, M.P., made of white and yellow roses, calla lilies, hyacinths and maiden-hair ferns, the words “ Friend of All ” in heliotrope appearing in the centre ; a pillow, sent by the Car Works

Friendly Society, made of white roses, calla lilies and other rare flowers, having the words "At Rest" in the centre; a wreath, sent by the Y.L.A. of the Division Street Methodist Church, made of choice and delicate flowers, with the motto, "Our Friend."

The centre of the church was occupied by the relatives and the employés of the deceased, the latter attending the funeral in a body. Among the mourners were Robert Cowans, David Morrice, jr., J. Higginson and D. A. McCaskell, of Montreal.

The solemn service was conducted by the Rev. W. L. Rutledge, pastor, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Bredin, the Rev. Dr. Williams and the Rev. Prof. Wallace, former pastors.

After the singing of that familiar hymn, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," Rev. Mr. Rutledge read the xxiii. Psalm and the xiv. chapter of St. John's Gospel. Then another hymn was sung, after which the Rev. Dr. Bredin addressed the congregation as follows:

"Nigh forty years ago I met Mr. Crossen for the first time. He was then a genial young man and a devout hearer of the Word. That year, in which I labored in the Methodist Church, he was brought under the converting power of the Spirit of God. I never knew a clearer case of conversion. The first ticket of membership which I handed to him had upon it the verse, 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.' I said to him: 'Bro. Crossen, take this ticket and take that verse, and carry the one and the other with you to the end of life.' Less than three months ago he asked me if I remembered the incident, and said he: 'I have that ticket yet, and I shall carry it as long as I live.' In a lifetime of devoted service I never knew him to falter. He bore many a load, but never broke down; he fought many a battle, but was victorious on every field, and though smitten by death, the last enemy that can overtake us, he fell more than conqueror in the faith and in the hope and in the love of the Saviour. He has finished his work here and we accept that as providential. We bury his dust, while his soul is among the ransomed forever."

Rev. Prof. Wallace, M.A., spoke as follows:

“When the sad, startling, and to me entirely unexpected, message came, ‘Mr. Crossen is dead!’ my heart was filled with a profound sense of personal loss. He was my friend, faithful and kind to me. And while I feel it a privilege to speak of him here and now, my lips almost refuse their office, and I find it hard to utter what I would.

“James Crossen was emphatically a good Christian man. His religious life was of a type as valuable as it is rare. He was an eminently consistent Christian.

“There are many men of fervent emotions and of glowing words, but whose daily lives stain the beauty of their profession. There are others eminent for industry, integrity and honor, but without any profound spirituality, without an experience of the deep things of God.

“Our dear departed brother happily combined both elements of the true Christian life and character. He understood in his own heart-life the meaning of ‘repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ.’ He knew the joys of salvation, the peace of pardon, the hope of heaven. With all the spiritual work of the Church he was always in the deepest sympathy. Few men have for so long a period and with such marked success been Methodist class-leaders. As pastor of this church for three years it was my privilege to spend many a happy hour in the blessed fellowship of his class. His own story of the Christian life, as I have often heard it from his lips in the class-meeting, and as many of you will ever bear it fresh in your memory, was always modest, sincere and free from cant. He spoke only what he thought and felt. His profession did not outrun his possession. He ascribed no glory to himself, but all to Jesus. Humility was the most prominent of his graces. He was always ready to sit at the feet of any good man, the poorest and the humblest, who had knowledge of the things of God. He ever wore ‘the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.’

“He showed his faith by his works. His actions were of a piece with his professions. He lived his religion far more than he talked it. He was a consistent Christian—Christian always, everywhere, and in all things.

“He put his soul into doing his duty to those for whom he worked and to those who worked for him. ‘He revered his conscience as his king.’ He was trusted everywhere, because he was in everything trustworthy. He did justly, loved mercy and walked humbly with his God.

“He loved God and kept His commandments. He loved God, and loved his brother also. He loved his brother not in word only but in deed. As his pastor for three years, as his friend for nearly thrice three years, I had many a confidential talk with Mr. Crossen concerning men and things, and not even under pressure did I hear him utter an unkind or uncharitable word of any one. The spirit of the thirteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians controlled every judgment which he formed and modulated every sentence which he uttered. Kindly in his judgment, genial in his manner, he brought sunshine wherever he went. Amid jarring elements he was a peace-maker. Children universally recognized in him a friend. Love was the core of his religion. And surely

“ ‘He prayeth well who loveth well
All things both great and small ;
For the dear Lord who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.’

“His love was not exhausted in kind thoughts and gentle words. It was highly practical. It did not say to the needy, ‘Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled,’ without giving ‘those things which are needful to the body.’ Every cry of distress went to James Crossen’s heart and to his pocket-book. He fed the hungry. He clothed the naked. He upheld the brother who was slipping on the treacherous pathway of business. He encouraged the young man who amid difficulties was seeking an education. Every good cause and every deserving person found access to him and secured help from him. His gifts were not ostentatiously large to a few public funds, but were innumerable in the quietness of a beneficence known only to himself, the recipient, and God.

“To the Church he gave liberally of his sympathy, his counsel, his time, his money. No pastor or Christian worker could fail to find in his steady sympathy an inspiration to the

highest effort. His counsel was invaluable. Although the busiest of men, dying before the limit of age mainly because he never felt that he had time to rest, yet he was not too busy to be regular in his attendance at church, prayer-meeting, class-meeting, or the business meetings of the church. And wherever money was required to further church purposes James Crossen's name was early and liberally on the list. Oh! how from every service and from all our church work we shall miss our dear departed brother—that good, grey head, that cheery greeting, that warm pressure of the hand, that wisdom in counsel, that generosity in gift. How often we shall sigh:

“ ‘ Oh ! for the touch of the vanished hand,
And the sound of the voice that is still.’ ”

“ As a man of business, his name was known and honored throughout the country as a synonym for ability, energy, probity. Courage to undertake great enterprises, sound judgment of probabilities, foresight of contingencies, absolute mastery of details, an industry which never flagged, an integrity which never hesitated, and the power to manage men—these qualities combined to place him high in the list of our Canadian ‘Captains of Industry.’ ”

“ His power to manage men was largely due to his sincere sympathy with men. He looked upon his employes not as so many machines or ‘hands,’ but as individuals, as men, as brothers. Nothing seemed so terribly to distress him as the sad necessity, which no foresight or kindness on his part could obviate at times, of discharging men. He was not happy to employ a man for so many weeks, pay him so much wages, and then turn him out upon the street. The sense of his fairness and of his goodness could not but sweeten the relation of employer and employed. Herein lies the path toward the long desired solution of the perplexing problem of the relation of capital and labor. ‘Love of men,’ said Carlyle, ‘cannot be bought by cash payment: and without love, men cannot endure to be together.’ ”

“ Schemes of social reform have their value. But in order that any scheme may have a chance of success, there must first

be true men, both as employers and employed, sincerely anxious to do the best for each other and for all. The cry of our day is for better organization of industry, and every man, like Mr. Crossen, who does what he did to put a better and more Christian spirit into these relations, is a benefactor to his race and deserves well of posterity.

“Merely to make money—that is not a noble ambition. To conduct great enterprises, to afford employment to many men, to help a whole community, to contribute to the wealth of a nation—that is a noble ambition, worthy of the highest type of Christian man. Such men as he of whom I speak usher in the brighter day to which our modern prophet points us, when ‘to be a noble master among noble workers will again be the first ambition; to be a rich master only the second.’ Such men as he will be the true leaders, captains, aristocrats of a regenerated world.

“Mr. Crossen was emphatically a successful man. In what did his success consist? In this, that he got money? In this, that he gained influence? Nay, rather in this, that he conquered difficulties, matured plans, developed a great industry, organized victory; in this, that he used the money and the influence which came as the means of serving God and his fellow-creatures; in this, that he made a corner of God’s world greener, brighter and more fruitful; in this, that he made many lives more hopeful, more manly, and more divine; in this, that he set in motion influences and left behind him a memory which shall tend to ameliorate the condition and to elevate the character of men after him. Herein was his success—a success which any man may covet. Starting with his own brave heart, clear brain, skilful hand, and with a faith in his father’s God, he did such a work in life in his own sphere, that learning, rank and office could not do more in theirs. He did his duty. He rests from his labors. His works do follow him.

“What he was in the dearest relations of life, who dare try to tell? Suffice it to say, that as a husband, father, friend, he was always the same quiet, tender, faithful man as in the more outward relations of which I have spoken; loving and beloved

as only the purest hearted and most unselfish can. The comfort and happiness of others were ever uppermost in his thoughts.

"Into the sacred grief which sits apart we dare not intrude. We may but breathe the prayer that the spirit of all grace may inspire consolation and strength into the widowed heart, and may help those to whom their dear father has left as his most precious legacy the memory of an unsullied name, to follow him as he followed Christ.

"He is gone. He whom we loved so tenderly is gone. Unexpectedly to us, though apparently not so to him, amid loving friends, in the midst of his successes, honors, usefulness, before age had dimmed the eye or diminished the beauty and the joy of life to him, he passed quietly and painlessly into rest. 'God giveth his beloved sleep.'

"The Laureate's sweet ideal of the Christian's death seemed realized in his :

" ' Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me,
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

" ' But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

" ' Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark !
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

" ' For though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

Rev. Dr. Williams also delivered an eloquent eulogy. He said it was hard for him to realize that his friend and brother would reach out no more the warm hand of brotherly friendship. He said there were those who would never have taken a step towards practical Christianity if it had not been for the warm hand-clasp of James Crossen. If employers would treat

their employés as Mr. Crossen had treated his, we would hear little of strife between capital and labor. The reverend doctor said there were men in Japan and in the North-West Territories to-day who would be, handless and helpless had it not been for the generosity of James Crossen. He laid a fragrant chaplet upon the grave of his late friend.

Rev. W. L. Rutledge closed the service in a touching manner. He brought tears to many eyes as he said: "Men, the best friend you and I had in Cobourg lies there in that coffin." Mr. Crossen's last words to his pastor, as, they shook hands under the lamplight were: "We shall meet in the morning." Mr. Rutledge exhorted the congregation to be ready to meet their departed friend in the dawn-light of eternity.

The hymn, "Rock of Ages," was then sung.

At the conclusion of the service, hundreds of persons filed past the bier to take one last look at the face of the dead.

The casket was closed at 4.30, and amid the doleful strains of the "Dead March," the funeral party moved slowly down the north aisle into Division Street, and the long cortege passed away to the Union Cemetery, where only two weeks before Mr. Crossen had selected his last resting-place.

From the church to the cemetery the pall-bearers were: George Guillet, M.P., C. C. Field, M.P.P., R. Mulholland, ex-M.P.P., and Dr. A. R. Bain, Joseph Rosevear and D. H. Minaker, stewards of the church.

Entering the cemetery, the procession passed through double ranks of sorrowful workingmen. And there they left, in the lone couch of his long sleep—to await the omnific touch of Christ's finger on the resurrection morning—all that was mortal of James Crossen.

—*Cobourg World*.

PRESS REFERENCES.

James Crossen began life in Cobourg as a young man, and has been closely identified with the prosperity of the town for the past 25 years.

By a steady business application he built up the car works into a great industry, and by his energy and push made a name for himself which extends all over Canada. Deceased,

by his kindly, genial disposition, won the regard and affection of all with whom he came in contact, and has enjoyed the confidence and esteem of a large circle of friends.

—*Cobourg Sentinel-Star.*

Mr. Crossen was a man of most excellent parts. With force of character and good moral courage, combined with distinguished business capacity, it is scarcely surprising that he worked his way up from an iron finisher in the machine shop to an engineer, and finally to the first position in our country as a manufacturer of all kinds of railway cars from the flat and box freight car up to the most elaborately finished palace, parlor and dining cars. It is not saying too much that the cars turned out of Crossen's Cobourg Car Works are ranked amongst the best in use upon this continent.

The Crossen Car Works from a small beginning have attained great proportions and almost unlimited capacity, employing from 100 to over 300 workmen and artisans of all kinds usually employed in such a manufactory.

Mr. Crossen was a Cobourg man in every sense of the phrase, having spent the greater portion of his life amongst us, and always identifying himself with everything looking to the welfare of our town.

He was one of the most unassuming of men, and although wealth and business distinction flowed upon him, he was still the same kindly, affable and courteous gentleman to all his fellow-men from the lowest to the highest. Wealth and influence he possessed sufficient to gratify the ambition of any man, yet he was never tainted with a semblance of pride.

In him Cobourg has lost her foremost business man, manufacturer and friend, and it will be difficult to fill the void which his taking away has created.

—*Cobourg Saturday Morning Post.*

Travellers by the Canadian Pacific, Intercolonial, Canada Atlantic, Temiscouata and many other Canadian railways have been familiar with the inscription on their handsomely-equipped cars, "James Crossen, Manufacturer, Cobourg, Ont." Into every one of these magnificent productions the life and thought

of one of Canada's best manufacturers has been wrought. On the 9th of December the citizens of Cobourg were startled by the unlooked-for news that their leading manufacturer and friend had been suddenly taken away. It came so unexpectedly to all—family, friends, workmen—that the full realization was impossible. On the 12th of December, at the funeral held in Cobourg, the great crowd of sympathizing and sorrowing friends testified to the high esteem in which Mr. Crossen was held. The man who has served his town and his country so well deserves more than mere passing notice.

Mr. Crossen came from the north of Ireland, having been born March 9th, 1826, in Comber, near the city of Belfast. In early life he came with his family to America, and finally settled down in Cobourg, Ont., where he was engaged in the foundry business, his work calling him over the adjacent counties and to the pioneer mills of the back townships. He was married about this time to Margaret, daughter of Rev. William Hayden, Congregationalist minister living at Cold Springs, a man whose work forms a large portion of the early history of Congregationalism in this province, and of whom and of his saintly wife loving remembrances still linger in the minds of the inhabitants of Northumberland.

Gradually the foundry business developed, and the number of employés increased until a favorable opening for the manufacture of plain railway cars seemed to present itself, and the foundation of the Cobourg Car Works was laid, enlarged premises secured and larger scope given to a man of shrewd judgment and careful calculation.

From the manufacture of plain box and flat cars, the undertaking grew to its present large proportions, second-class, first-class, colonist and sleeping cars having been added to the products of the works. Nearly every railroad in Canada, large and small, has drawn some of its rolling stock from Cobourg, from the coal hoppers used at Lethbridge, N.W.T., and Springhill, Nova Scotia, to the transcontinental trains running from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The finest products of these works may be seen in the electric-lighted train on the Canada Atlantic, running from Ottawa to Boston, the C.P.R. colonist

cars, the first-class cars and sleepers of the Intercolonial and C.P.R., the lately-finished vestibule trains of the C.P.R., and the model officials' or private cars of the Governor-General and Minister of Railways at Ottawa. The work upon these cars, their convenience and perfect running, and the beauty and elegance of finish have never been excelled in America—but of these facts the travelling public are themselves quite well aware.

The development of these extensive works at Cobourg from so small a beginning is due to the sterling character and wonderful business qualities of their originator. Mr. Crossen was a man of quiet but determined energy, a man always to be relied upon, kindly disposed toward all his employes and conscientious in the most minute details of every portion of his work. His word was as good as his bond, and his contracts were carried out to the entire satisfaction of all for whom he worked.

Apart from his business, and in addition to it, he never lacked time to devote to his family, his friends and his church. Many a business man has had relief in times of depression at his hands, money and words of advice and encouragement being often given; many a student of Victoria College and minister of the Methodist Church has completed his education through the financial help extended during the past twenty or thirty years. His many gifts of a charitable nature were given in such a quiet manner that public reference here would not be in accordance with the wish or spirit of the man who gave them. Next to his love for his family came his love for his church of which he was member, trustee and class-leader.

Every Sunday morning before church he was accustomed to meet a large class in the Division Street Methodist Church. For this his week-day work never left him too tired, and his business trips were always arranged, if possible, to permit him to return in time to attend his church meetings.

He was a most loving husband and father, a true friend, a man of wide and tender sympathy, and his life proves that honesty, integrity and Christian character are not incompatible with business success and public esteem.

In the death of James Crossen Canada has lost a man whose place will be hard to fill in the line in which he so well developed, a man who had solved the difficulty, at least so far as he was concerned, that confronts us as to the relationship of capital and labor, or of employer and laborer, by the treatment of men as men, as brothers, by taking a kind and sympathetic interest in his workmen and by doing well for them as well as for himself.

—*Toronto Globe.*

The loss that not only Cobourg, but the country at large, has sustained by the death of the late James Crossen can hardly be over-estimated. For a long time he held the enviable position of the greatest master mechanic in this district. As a large employer of labor he conferred lasting benefits, and as an honorable, upright, Christian citizen his name will continue to live. It is the loss of just such men that brings us to realize the fact that the world is better for their having lived in it.

UNION.

Port Hope, Dec. 20, 1890.

(*Letter in Cobourg World.*)

The town of Cobourg lost a good citizen and the industrial world of Canada a representative worker in the death of James Crossen, which occurred last week at the house of a friend in Montreal while on his return from a visit to his son in Boston.

Mr. Crossen began his business life in Cobourg, we believe, and was long a founder there. Considering that an opening existed for a car factory in the earlier days of Canadian railways, he proceeded to found one; and after hard struggles and numerous difficulties built up the Crossen Car Works at Cobourg to the extensive enterprise we find it to-day.

In addition to great power of application, the deceased gentleman possessed enterprise and push. His integrity was undoubted, and his kindly disposition made him many friends.

—*Monetary Times.*

The industry represented in the manufacture of railway passenger coaches has reached what might be claimed as the culminating point, nothing further seeming to remain for the suggestive ingenuity of the car-builder. The enterprise and

skill represented by Mr. Crossen in these works, however, and in which all Canadians and all who travel in such conveyances feel a natural and proper pride, are to be traced and found in only a comparatively few and well-known similar concerns; and ranking among the most prominent of these important industrial establishments is that of Mr. Crossen. The excellence of workmanship and finish, and the superior quality of the materials used in constructing the cars made in these works, make them first-class in every particular; and this system has been studiously adhered to by Mr. Crossen during all his business life. He would prefer to lose money on a contract rather than allow any inferior work to go out of his establishment. The value of the golden rule is appreciated by all reputable manufacturers.

Mr. Crossen has always devoted his entire time and attention to the details of his business, and has never sought or accepted either political or civic honors. Gentle and unassuming in manner, he is a man of unbounded energy and force of character, and his friendship is sought and valued by all who know him. Canada is fortunate in the possession of such men as James Crossen.

—*Canadian Manufacturer.*



MARGARET JANE CROSSEN

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

MARGARET JANE HAYDEN was born in London, England, on the 12th day of May, 1832, the daughter of the Rev. William and Jane Kirsop Hayden. Her father was born on 2nd May, 1789, at Marten, Kent County, England, and her mother, Jane Kirsop, at Newcastle, Northumberland County, in 1793. In the year 1835, under the direction of the London Missionary Society, Rev. William Hayden came to Canada with his wife and seven children, and settled in Cobourg, becoming thereby the first Congregational minister of the small town. Shortly after, he started a church at Cold Springs, and, about 1845, he resigned his pastorate at Cobourg and moved to Cold Springs, where he established his family and built a house beside his church, typical, in many respects, of an old English home, with its trees, shrubs and flowers, peaceful and fragrant, a home in the truest sense of the word.

In the Family Record appears this entry in Mr. Hayden's handwriting:

"*Marriage*.—James Crossen, Margaret Jane Hayden, on the 28th April, 1854, by Rev'd William Hayden, Congregational minister at Cold Springs, Township of Hamilton, District of Newcastle, Canada West."

The newly-married couple settled in Cobourg and enjoyed a life of unalloyed love and happiness for over forty-six years, until Mr. Crossen's death, in 1890. Mrs. Crossen survived her husband over ten years, and passed away peacefully and quietly in the early hours of the 18th of April, 1901, in the town to which she had been brought sixty-five years before as a little girl three years old.

"Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes."

This was her favorite hymn, and nothing delighted her more

than to join in singing it with her children and grandchildren. She was a mother who brought Heaven into her home.

DEATH AND FUNERAL.

The widow of the late James Crossen passed quietly away at her residence, George street, Cobourg, about two o'clock on Thursday morning, in her 69th year. She was the daughter of Rev. William Hayden, who was, sixty-six years ago, sent out by the Missionary Society of the Congregational Church of England, and located at Cobourg. Her marriage to Mr. James Crossen, the late proprietor of the Car Works, was a most happy one, and they each contributed, in their own kindly way, what they could to make the lot of many of our townspeople happier. Mrs. Crossen's sympathetic nature and energetic temperament prompted her to do many acts of kindness to all she knew, and especially the sick and poor. Even her long-continued illness did not repress her generosity and tender thoughtfulness.

For some years she had had a frail hold on life. Her decease had been feared for some weeks, but at last her departure was most peaceful and calm. Her memory will be kept fragrant by many because of her largeness of heart and unselfish kindness.

A noble husband and a worthy wife have made earth poorer by their going, but they are happily united and will enrich and enjoy the society of the good. She spent the closing days of her life surrounded constantly by her affectionate children.

The members of her family left behind are: Mr. W. J. Crossen, Manager of the Car Works; Mrs. R. N. Burns, of Orillia; Mrs. J. R. Smith, of Montreal; Mrs. C. C. James and Mrs. W. R. Riddell, of Toronto.

Mr. James Crossen, her husband, died about ten years ago, and her younger son, Frederick J., died some five years ago. Only four members of the Rev. William Hayden's family now remain: Mrs. William Kerr, of Ashburnham; Mrs. W. Hamilton, of Peterboro'; Mr. John Hayden, of this town; and Hon. Fred. J. Hayden, of Fort Wayne, Indiana.

—Cobourg Sentinel-Star.

The funeral of Mrs. James Crossen took place last Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

There was a large gathering of people, whose presence was intended; doubtless, as an expression of the general feeling of regret experienced by all classes at the loss of so estimable a woman, and so warm a friend.

The casket was completely buried beneath an abundance and variety of fragrant flowers, arranged in beautiful bunches, wreaths, pillows, stars, anchors and crosses, from relatives, friends and fellow-workers in the church. These latter expressed their deep sympathy in a tender and beautiful way by sending in from the Methodist Church a sheaf of wheat, decorated with yellow roses and tied with purple ribbon; from the Ladies' Aid a chaste wreath inscribed with the Society's name in purple letters on white ribbon, and from the Woman's Missionary Society a cluster of beautiful roses.

The funeral service in the house was in charge of Rev. D.N. McCamus, the pastor of the Methodist Church, who opened the service with a brief prayer. Rev. M. A. Shaver, of the Congregational Church (of which church Mrs. Crossen's father, Rev. William Hayden, was the first pastor), read selections from the Psalms. Rev. W. Beatty, of the Presbyterian Church, read comforting passages from the 14th chapter of John's Gospel, and from the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians. Rev. A. H. Reynar gave a very tender and appreciative address, which was as follows:

"At such a time at this our hearts are as the soil that has been broken up, and that is softened by the gentle rain from heaven. The good seed of the word may well enter into such hearts and take root and grow up into maturity and fruitage in the life.

"And the place in which we stand is a sacred place. It may not have been consecrated by rite and ceremony, but it is consecrated by the fact that here within these walls one of God's saints has lived and died.

" 'The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.'

Yes, these are sacred moments, and this is a sacred place, and well do sacred words become the place and time.

"Standing here in this verge of heaven, we have on one side of us the mystery of death, a dark, sad mystery; but on the other side is the mystery of life. But death is only a negative, a shadow; life is the positive and real thing, and though the shadow may be a dark mystery, feared of all, life, the reality, is a glorious mystery, from whose unfolding we may never hope too much.

"Many thoughts crowd into our minds, and many feelings stir our hearts to-day, and it is not easy to bring our thoughts and feelings into orderly expression. Some few things we may try to say, but much that we would say must be left unsaid. The time is short, and the feeling overbears the thought and word. The common, and at times the all-absorbing, feeling is sorrow. It is with us, in a sense, as it was with the friends and companions of the Great Apostle; as he was leaving them, 'they sorrowed most of all . . . that they should see his face no more.' This is our sorrow to-day, that we shall see that true and kind and noble face no more in this mortal life. Next to the feeling of sorrow is the feeling of sympathy. We weep with those that weep. We are not here as a matter of form and custom. Each one here feels that he has lost a true friend; some of the rich and of the poor say they have lost their best friend, and we know how to sympathize with those who sorrow most, with the tenderest and deepest sorrow of filial yearning

" 'For the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still.'

"As we look back from the close of this life to its beginning and review its several stages, we are moved to admiration and reverence. We admire and revere in her the dutiful daughter, the faithful wife, the loving mother, the true and steadfast friend, the watchful and sympathetic fellow-helper in the truth and in all Christian work, the thoughtful and unobtrusive distributor of God's mercy. Her goodness in this last respect can never be fully known, for she would not let her left hand know what her right hand was doing; but those who knew her best

could not help coming upon her again and again as she was doing good and communicating, and thus offering up the sacrifices with which God is well pleased. 'She hath done what she could.' All these things have been. We must mourn that she has ceased from her labors, but our mourning gives place again to thanksgiving, and we praise God for her beautiful and finished life. 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be His name.' Even in our grief and loss we realize how much better it is,—a thousandfold better—'to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.'

"We think, too, this day of what she was, as well as what she did, for sometimes we are more helped and uplifted by what God's people are than by what they do. She was a woman of rare simplicity and guilelessness of spirit, and yet if the gospel standard be a true one, she was a woman of rare wisdom, for 'the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy.' She was a woman of such profound reverence of spirit and such stainless purity of thought that things profane and unclean could not live in her presence, but would turn from her, as creatures foul and venomous avoid the light of day. Even a thoughtless use of sacred words, or a reference to sacred things, would give her pain that she could not conceal, and no one that knew her would give her pain. This reverence of spirit was united with an artlessness of faith and an assurance of hope in God that brought something of the heavenly into the earthly life of our departed friend. One example and illustration of this I may be allowed to mention. In one of her bad turns she was so reduced and weak that it was feared she would pass away in her sleep. In perfect consciousness of this she yet went quietly asleep with the prayer of her childhood on her lips as her only prayer, 'If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take, and this I ask for Jesus' sake—Amen.' Even so she went asleep at the last, and so sleeps now,—'He giveth his beloved sleep.' Once more I would speak of the crowning grace of our friend in bliss,—her charity. Those who speak from a life-long know-

ledge of her walk and conversation say that they never heard her say an unkind word of anyone. If she must speak in condemnation of the wrong, she would still speak the truth in love. And if she could not close her eyes to the fault and limitations of others, she loved them still with true and tender love, and this love involved her trust in them and hope for them. How often has this love of hers repressed the worse and brought out and strengthened the better self! Such love in her true heart enables us to understand something of the love of God himself, for when we were yet sinners Christ died for us, and if we ever learn to love Him it is because He first loved us.

“Our presence here to-day, these beautiful flowers, and our imperfect words, are all intended to express something of our grief and reverence, and very imperfect expressions they would be, though much better than we can make them. But there is another tribute, a nobler tribute, a tribute that would bring her joy in the presence of the angels of God,—the tribute of obedience and imitation. ‘Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God,’ so said one of old to a revered friend. Shall we pay this tribute to our friend in bliss? Nothing else will satisfy her, nothing less will satisfy our own hearts.

“‘Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.’ They ‘rest from their labors and their works do follow them.’ But those labors never cease; they will be still taken up and carried on by other laborers, till the great coming of the Kingdom of God, when His will shall be done on earth as it is in heaven. How gladly would those who have so constantly and tenderly cherished this dear life through years of illness—how gladly would they have watched over her still, and kept her back awhile from bliss! God willed otherwise. She is called higher. She has gone to be with Christ, which is far better. But does she cease to live? Is she taken altogether from us? God forbid! Part of her life has passed into us. We look to see it flow on through other lives and deeds, and for the rest, ‘beyond the veil! beyond the veil!’

“Whither she has gone we know, and the way we know, for she followed Christ. Taking that same way, we shall come up

with her again and all the blessed company, and we shall find her,

“‘That friend of ours who lives in God,
That God, who ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.’”

Rev. James Allen, M.A., pastor of the Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, Toronto, and formerly pastor of the church in Cobourg, spoke as follows:

“In the course of my life as a Methodist minister, I have formed many close friendships, and have been associated with many good people in the work of the Church, but I never met a better woman than Mrs. Crossen. I never knew one who did more to brighten the lot and lighten the load of a Methodist minister. Her husband, the late James Crossen, was her equal in this respect. Their superiors I have never known. Methodist ministers move frequently, and a furnished parsonage always forms a part of their stipend. Its character and appointments depend upon the judgment and generosity of the people. A little want of thought, a little want of heart, may subject the minister and his family to much inconvenience and discomfort. To the house in which her minister lived Mrs. Crossen gave both heart and thought. After her own house and household her first thought was of the minister's family. I have said that she was one of the best women I have ever known. If her voice could be heard she would disclaim that character, for she was unconscious of her goodness. She was not a conventional Christian. She could neither speak nor pray in public, but her faith was the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. God was to her a real person, a loving Father, whose will, whose law was more precious than gold. She could taste and see that the Lord was good. Heaven was to her a place, a home more real than her home in town. For years past she lived there as well as here. And she possessed the Spirit of Jesus Christ—the Spirit that envieth not, that thinketh no evil, that suffereth long and is kind.”

Mr. Allen offered prayer and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. D. N. McCamus.

The casket was borne out by her son, W. J. Crossen ; her youngest brother, Hon. Fred. J. Hayden, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, and her four sons-in-law, Rev. R. N. Burns, of Orillia, W. R. Riddell and C. C. James, of Toronto, and James R. Smith, of Montreal.

The hearse moved away from the family residence, and was followed by a large concourse of people, composed of many relations and friends from this town and other places, the employés of the Car Works and many other citizens of Cobourg.

Mrs. Crossen's departure will be universally lamented, and all would do well to imitate her kindness of heart and generosity of nature.—*Cobourg Sentinel-Star*.

At the close of the memorial sermon, given on Sunday, April 21st, Rev. D. N. McCamus, pastor of the Methodist Church, spoke as follows :

"In the death of Mrs. James Crossen the Methodist Church of Cobourg has lost one of its most faithful and influential members.

"The existence of an overruling and gracious Providence was to Sister Crossen a settled and comforting conviction. As a result, she had a happy and reverent contentment and great hopefulness of heart, qualities invaluable in Christian work, but especially beautiful in their triumph over severe and protracted affliction.

"Her Christian spirit was exhibited in her conversation, which was of a spiritual and charitable nature ; in beneficence liberally and wisely bestowed ; and in a generous support given to the various departments of religious work.

"Mrs. Crossen was a fine example of a wealthy and progressive Methodist who did not outlive her loyalty and fidelity to the doctrines and ordinances of the Church of her adoption.

"Next to her affectionate interest in her own home, Mrs. Crossen was thoughtful and solicitous for the moral and temporal conditions of her Church and the well-being of the minister and his family."



FREDERICK JOHN CROSSEN

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

FREDERICK JOHN CROSSEN was born at Cobourg, Ontario, on the 11th day of June, 1870, the second son and the youngest child of James and Margaret Jane Crossen. After passing through the public schools and Collegiate Institute of his native town, he matriculated at Victoria University, then located at Cobourg, in 1889. He completed his first year's work and then, with the view of specially fitting himself for his father's business, he went to Boston and began a course at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. During his first year's course at Boston his father died. In the fall of 1891 the business was transferred to a company, of which the heirs of the late Mr. Crossen were the members; and shortly after, Fred, being now of age, became the secretary of the company, of which his elder brother, William James, was the manager. In this position Fred remained, residing with his mother in the old home, until his death, which took place on the 14th of March, 1896.

DEATH AND FUNERAL

The death of Fred J. Crossen on Saturday morning, after an illness of about a week, has cast a gloom over the whole community, as many were unaware of his illness until his demise was announced. Though not possessed of a robust constitution, Mr. Crossen has been, as usual, attending to the duties of his office as secretary of the Car Company, and engaging in such athletic sports as curling and skating until less than a week before his death. On or about the 9th inst. he was taken ill with a third attack of appendicitis, and notwithstanding every device known to medical skill, his death occurred on the following Saturday, 14th inst. Dr. Douglas, the family physician, was assisted by Dr. Cameron, an expert from Toronto, and

their efforts were partially successful, when the patient's heart failed and death ensued. The deceased was in his twenty-sixth year, and his sudden taking off just as he was budding into manhood is a calamity to his family, by whom he was held most dear, and to his many near friends. Surrounded as he was by every luxury that wealth and position could command, and possessed of a strong mind and a character worthy of emulation, no future could look more rosy from this earthly standpoint than that of our young friend. However, death has claimed him, and his family and friends mourn.

This has been the first break in the family since the death of the father of the household five years ago. The surviving members of the family are: W. J. Crossen, of Cobourg; Mrs. R. N. Burns, Mrs. C. C. James, Mrs. W. R. Riddell, of Toronto; and Mrs. James R. Smith, of Montreal.

Fred was a great worker, a young man of activity and business capacity. He has been secretary of the Crossen Car Company for about five years, and has filled the position efficiently. Though of a retired disposition, he had many warm friends amongst the young gentlemen of Cobourg, with whom he was a general favorite. His death has been to them a cause of sadness.

The funeral took place on Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock to the Union Cemetery, and was attended by vast numbers of people. The employes of the car works attended in a body. The pall-bearers were: Messrs. E. C. S. Huycke, W. L. Connolly, A. J. Armstrong, H. Williams, P. Daintry and W. McC. Warden, of Toronto. The funeral services were in charge of Rev. W. J. Jolliffe and Rev. Dr. Reynar. At the conclusion of the service at the residence, Dr. Reynar paid a touching tribute to the memory of the departed. He said:

"At such a time as this, we all know how little there is in words, and yet there is a little, if only the right words are given to us. It is not much, but it is something, to use words and say with what deep and tender sympathy we come together at this time. Sympathy with this afflicted family, and particularly with the dear lady of the house in the sudden and sore bereavement that has come to them. Sympathy cannot

remove the sorrow, but it does somehow help us to bear the sorrow. Our Great Master, the Man of Sorrows, when His soul was exceeding sorrowful, thirsted for human sympathy. He reproached His followers that they could not watch with Him one hour, but He bore with their infirmities and said: 'The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.' It is something, too, for those to whom our sympathy is given, to say that they recognize and appreciate that sympathy, imperfectly as we may be able to express it.

"As to our dear young friend who has been taken from us so suddenly, I may say that I think we have not always realized as we should that he was indeed a *young* friend. He was but little more than a boy, though for more than five years he has been called upon to take a man's place and do a man's work. By the lamented death of his father, he was obliged to take a leading responsible part in the management of a large business. You know how bravely he accepted the trust, and with what exactness and thoroughness and faithfulness he played his part. There was no complaining and no self-indulgence; but with all the exactness and thoroughness of his business management, there was no hardness. I hear from those who worked under him that they did not fail to mark the consideration and kindness with which he treated them, and they realize to-day that they have lost a true friend.

"Some of us know, too, a little of his loving faithfulness to his home and his widowed mother. But these things are of too tender and sacred a nature to be spoken of at length, even here. When we remember what he did, and what he was to those about him, in his short life and in spite of poor health, we cannot help thinking what might have been if he had been spared for years to come, and if his health had been more robust. His sickness, as you know, was short and painful, but you will not be surprised to hear that he bore it with great patience and rare gentleness. When his physicians told him that nothing more could be done for him and that his end was near, he received the tidings with great courage, and then in death, as in life, his first thoughts were for others, not for himself.

“As to his thoughts and feelings on spiritual things, I may say that he awaited his departure in the hope of the mercy of God through Jesus Christ our Lord. His spirit was full of self-distrust and a deep sense of his own unworthiness before the Holy God. His life had been singularly regular and correct, especially when we consider the circumstances in which he was placed and his many opportunities for self-indulgence. But his spirit was the very opposite of the one who said: ‘God, I thank thee that I am not as others.’ It was wholly the same as that of the one who prayed: ‘God be merciful to me a sinner.’ You all know who it was that went down to his house justified.

“I was much impressed by the unconscious tribute paid by this young man to the life and character of his good father. Knowing that he was about to pass within the veil, his thought naturally turned to those who had gone before, and particularly to his father who was removed about five years ago. He could hardly think it possible that he should be permitted to stand with the sainted ones, his own life having been, as he said, so unworthy. Such a tribute to a good life weighs more than perhaps any other. Every man has limitations and imperfections. And there are blots upon the sun. But when a young man who knows not only his father’s standing before the public and before the Church, but also the particulars of his business affairs and the manifestations of his character in domestic life—I say when a young man continues to revere the godly character of his father under such circumstances, it must be because the character revered had in it the true gold of spiritual worth. Thinking of himself, our young friend said he felt altogether unworthy to join the company of the blessed, but when his thoughts were turned to the ‘Great High Priest, who is able to save to the uttermost those that come to God by him,’ his faith was strengthened. Weighing every word with care, lest he might say too much, he said: ‘Yes, you may tell mother that I trust myself wholly to the Saviour, and I think that I shall see father.’ So we leave him in hope to the great mercy of God as manifested and exercised through our great High Priest. If through that

great mercy we ever reach the blessed abode, we may expect to find Fred Crossen there with the innumerable company, 'who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.'

"I do not think our departed friend would check me for saying these things, for they are true, and they are not said to the praise of man but to the glory of God. But I think he would have me go further, and besides what I have said of him he would have me say a word for him. And I am sure that I speak for him when I say he would have us all give 'more earnest heed' to the great things of the life eternal. Here we have no continuing city. In a short time—this sad occasion warns us how short the time may be—we too must leave the world. And if those still lips could speak, would they not charge us to suffer no cares of business and no distractions of pleasure to hinder us from laying up 'treasure in heaven where moth and rust do not corrupt and where thieves do not break through nor steal.' This let us resolve to do, not for a month only or a year, but so long as we cherish tender memories of him who, being dead, yet speaks. Some of us will be incited to more pure and holy living for the love of the dear departed, but all of us for the love of the dear Father in heaven and of the dear Lord who is not ashamed to call us brethren. May He in His great mercy so guide us through things temporal that finally we lose not the things that are eternal."

—*Cobourg Sentinel-Star.*

As we go to press we learn with deep sorrow of the death of Mr. Fred J. Crossen. The sad event took place at Cobourg on Saturday morning, March 14th. Fred entered "Old Vic." in the fall of '89 with the class of '93, but at the end of his freshman year he left for Boston, to take a course at the Massachusetts School of Technology, where he reflected great credit upon himself. After a year of such training, practical and theoretical, he returned to Cobourg, and entered the employ of the Crossen Car Manufacturing Company, taking the position of Secretary-Treasurer, which he ably filled up to the time of his death. Fred was a good, genial fellow, and was

well liked by all with whom he came in contact. His early death will be mourned by a large circle of friends and acquaintances; and we can assure the sorrowing relatives of the most heartfelt sympathy of the students in this hour of sore bereavement.

—*Acta Victoriana.*

FAMILY OF JAMES CROSSEN, SR.

JAMES CROSSEN, SR., died in Minnesota on the 13th of April, 1886, aged 86; his wife, MARY ABERNETHY, died in New York State, 29th February, 1860, aged 61. They are both buried at Corfu, in Western New York.

CHILDREN:

ELIZA, still living in Minnesota.

MARY, died in Ireland.

ESTHER (Mrs. Geizer), died at Albany, N.Y.

JAMES, died at Montreal, 9th December, 1890.

JANE (Mrs. Gabby), died at Pembroke, N.Y.

JOHN (*ob.*).

HUGH (*ob.*).

NANCY (*ob.*).

THOMAS (*ob.*).

MARGARET (Mrs. Burchard), still living in Minnesota.

FAMILY OF REV. WILLIAM HAYDEN.

REV. WILLIAM HAYDEN was born at Marten, Kent County, England, on 2nd May, 1789, and died at Cold Springs, Ont., 6th September, 1865; his wife, JANE KIRSOP, was born at Newcastle, England, in 1793, and died at Cobourg, Ont., on 11th May, 1879. They are both buried beside the Congregational Church at Cold Springs, Ont.

CHILDREN:

FRANCES (*ob.*), married Rev. William Lumsden.

ANN (living), married William Kerr.

WILLIAM (*ob.*).

JOHN (living), married Eliza Dumble, of Cobourg.

GEORGE (*ob.*).

MARGARET (*ob.*), married James Crossen, of Cobourg.

JOSEPH (*ob.*).

FREDERICK JABEZ (living), married Eliza Hannah, of Fort Wayne, Indiana.

MARY ELLEN (living), married William Hamilton.

FAMILY OF JAMES AND MARGARET CROSSEN.

MARY JANE, married to Rev. Robert Newton Burns, on 3rd December, 1879, by Rev. T. W. Jeffrey and Rev. William Burns.

ELLA ELIZA, married to James Reynolds Smith, on 27th September, 1894, by Rev. A. H. Reynar and Rev. R. N. Burns.

WILLIAM JAMES, married to Minnie Victoria Howell, on 12th October, 1880, by Rev. T. W. Jeffrey.

FRANCES LILIAN, married to Charles Canniff James, on 18th January, 1887, by Rev. A. H. Reynar and Rev. R. N. Burns.

ANNA HESTER KIRSOP, married to William Renwick Riddell, on 5th March, 1884, by Rev. F. H. Wallace.

FREDERICK JOHN, died 14th March, 1896.



In Memoriam

REV. WILLIAM HAYDEN

May 2nd, 1789—September 6th, 1865

JANE KERSOP

1793—May 11th, 1879

REV. WILLIAM HAYDEN

OF COLD SPRINGS, CANADA WEST.

ONE by one, the fathers of the Congregational ministry in Canada are passing away from us, the very names of some of the elder among them being nearly unknown to those now coming on the stage. Gibb, Miles, Robertson, McKillican and Roaf have gone, as well as others who came in later, and labored for a shorter time. We have now to record the death of one of the earliest pioneers of our cause in Upper Canada, who was also the oldest man, and the senior in the ministry of our brotherhood; and are glad to be able to lay before our readers the chief features of so long, laborious and useful a life.

The late Rev. William Hayden was born at Marten, in Kent, England, on 2nd of May, 1789, of parents belonging to the Established Church. His father, dying before this son was born, left him under the care of guardians, one of whom, having a "living" in his gift, destined him for the Anglican priesthood, and began to educate him for that purpose. At what period he was brought to a knowledge of the truth, we cannot say. But when about eighteen years of age, he was led to attend an ordination among the Dissenters, it being the occasion on which Rev. Arthur Tidman, D.D., now Foreign Secretary of the London Missionary Society, was set apart to the pastorate of a church in the metropolis. The services of that day made so profound an impression upon his mind, that he resolved to abandon his prospects in the Establishment, and cast in his lot among the Nonconformists. He soon united with the Church at the Tabernacle, Moorfields (built by Rev. G. Whitfield), of which Matthew Wilks was then the minister. After receiving a course of private instruction from his pastor, Mr. Hayden entered the Academy at Hackney, where the Rev.

George Collinson filled at the time the office of theological tutor. Before the regular period of study (four years) was finished he left the Academy, and in September, 1817, was ordained to the pastorate of a church newly formed at Heyden-bridge, Northumberland, a village in a farming country, the spiritual condition of which has been described by another former resident as "darkness that might be felt." Mr. Hayden received but little pecuniary compensation for his labors among this people, nor was he dependent upon them, as he inherited a competence; but his labors, nevertheless, were most abundant. He often preached daily, on the average, during the whole week, over a wide extent of hilly country. Nor did he labor in vain; there were many conversions during the eight years he spent in Northumberland. At length, impaired health, caused in a great measure by excessive toil and exposure, compelled him to leave this field, and take another charge at Frodingham, near Hull, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, where he remained for twelve years, serving four adjacent village churches nearly every Sabbath, and being permitted to reap the fruit, as well as to sow the seed of the Word.

In 1835, Rev. John Williams, who had been a fellow-pupil with Mr. Hayden of Rev. Matthew Wilks, was in England collecting funds for a missionary ship, and endeavored to induce his former companion to return with him to the South Seas; but two families of Mr. Hayden's spiritual children being about to emigrate to Canada, and urging him to accompany them, he decided to make this country his future field of labor. Before he left England, however, Rev. Drs. Reed and Matheson, who had recently returned from a visit to the churches in the United States and Canada, and had become deeply interested in the spiritual condition of the British Provinces, not only urged him to find scope for his missionary spirit in this colony, but engaged to provide for his support, through their influence with the London Missionary Society. As yet, there was no Colonial Missionary Society, and Mr. Hayden and Rev. D. Dyer were both sent out by the former institution. The objections made by Rev. J. A. James and others to such a use of funds contributed for the evangelization

of the heathen soon led to the formation of a new society for colonial work.

It was also by the advice of Drs. Reed and Matheson, that Mr. Hayden, on arriving in Canada, established himself at Cobourg, where the present chapel was soon built. But the itinerating habits which had characterized him in England were soon brought into exercise in the newly-settled and comparatively destitute region extending for many miles in each direction from the town. The townships of Manvers, Clarke and Darlington to the westward; those of Keene, Asphodel and Otonabee in the north, and the villages of Brighton and Pleasant Bay on the east, formed circuits which were travelled over almost every month, and where the Gospel was thus preached to many who otherwise would not have heard the joyful sound. Throughout this extensive district the name of "Father Hayden" became a household word in many a log-cabin of the early pioneers, and everywhere the laborious evangelist was made welcome to the best of their homely fare. They do earnestly remember him still.

After about ten years' residence in Cobourg, he resigned the pastorate of the church in that town, and removed to Cold Springs, where a number of families warmly attached to him and his ministry composed another Congregational Church. By this time, thirty years of home and colonial missionary service had told seriously upon his strength. Moreover, the state of the country widely differed from that in which Mr. Hayden found it on his arrival. Other pastors of his own body had been settled in some parts of his former extensive parish; while various denominations had also planted churches and ministers in every direction. During the last twenty years of his life, therefore, he did not travel much, but as long as he was able, and even beyond his power, he delighted to preach the Gospel in the little chapel adjoining his own residence. Until quite disabled, he made a point of attending the annual meetings of the Congregational Union of Canada, where, although generally a silent spectator of the proceedings, no man more enjoyed the fellowship of his brethren, or took a livelier interest in the prosperity of the body.

So year after year his strength declined. Sometimes he was laid aside for several Sabbaths, returning to the pulpit again at soon as it was at all possible. By and bye he had to be supported during the few steps between the house of the Lord and his own house. When he could no longer stand to preach the Gospel, he spoke from his chair. But, finally, it became evident even to himself that his work was done, and he resigned his pastoral charge on the 5th of June, 1864. From that time, step by step, he went downwards to the grave. For the last fifteen months, he was confined to his bed, growing helpless, lamenting much that he could preach no more, and, towards the end, suffering from the decay of his senses and mental powers. He was much cheered from time to time by the visits of the members of his own congregation, and of the ministers and members of other denominations, among a wide circle to whom he was known and beloved, and his faith was ever fixed on the Divine Redeemer, whose grace he had for so many years proclaimed. Though he lingered long, his end was sudden; spared the final struggle he had often feared, with but a dying moan, at four o'clock on the afternoon of Wednesday, September 6th, 1865, in the seventy-seventh year of his age, and the forty-ninth of his ministry, he fell asleep in Jesus.

His body was committed to the grave in the burial-ground adjoining the chapel at Cold Springs, on the following Friday, in the presence of a very large concourse of people. The Rev. Job Tapscott, Baptist, a neighbor and friend of thirty years' standing; Rev. G. A. Rawson, Congregational pastor at Cobourg; Rev. L. Vanderberg, Wesleyan, and Mr. W. Mitchell, of the Congregational College, took part in the solemn services. On the following Sabbath Rev. F. H. Marling preached a funeral sermon (the text and the preacher having been selected by the deceased) from Ephesians iii. 8, "Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ."

But little needs to be added to the above record of the facts of Mr. Hayden's life. "He was a good man." He always took the sinner's place before the Cross of Christ, adopting the publican's prayer as his own. He loved the Gospel. Of his

theology Christ was the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. He studied to be quiet, and to do his own business, working with his own hands. He made few enemies, troops of friends. He held very firmly the distinctive principles of his own body, but was "a lover of good men" of every name. His memory will be cherished with a fonder affection and by larger numbers than that of many a man who has made a greater show in the flesh. "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

There are left to mourn his loss, his beloved and devoted wife of nearly fifty years, eight children of nine born to them, five children-in-law, and thirty-two grand-children. A majority of this large family circle were present at his burial.

We trust that the interesting cause at Cold Springs, where there is a good congregation, and many have been recently added to the Church, will soon be supplied with a faithful ministry.

—*The Canadian Independent*, October, 1865.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. W. HAYDEN,
OF COLD SPRINGS, NEAR COBOURG, ONT.

ALAS! and is my husband gone,
His body numbered with the dead?
The glorious prize at last is won,
His soul from earth to heaven has fled.

Bright angels bore his soul away
To yonder shining, blest abode;
Safe home his spirit they convey
To see his Saviour and his God.

The heavenly gates fly open wide
The heir of glory to receive,
And Jesus smiling sees him come,
Made ready with Himself to live.

A victor's crown is on his head,
A harp of gold is in his hand;
Thro' tribulation he was led
But now before the throne he stands.

Dear saint, why should I mourn thy flight,
And weep because thou art no more?
Thou now hast entered into light,
And gained at length the peaceful shore.

Oh, God forgive the falling tear,
And bend my yielding will to thine;
In patience may I sojourn here,
My husband then in glory join.

MRS. JANE HAYDEN.

Cold Springs, Ont.

MRS. WILLIAM HAYDEN.

ANOTHER of the pioneers of Congregationalism in this country has gone to her rest. Among those who were first to brave the difficulties of an untried wilderness, few have a nobler record than the late Mrs. Hayden.

She was born in the town of Newcastle, England, in the year 1793. When but fourteen years of age she testified to her faith in Christ by uniting with the Church. When grown to womanhood she became the wife of Rev. William Hayden, a young Congregational minister. With him she labored for Christ in various parts of England until the year 1835. At that time the London Missionary Society was casting about for men suitable for self-denying missionary toil in Canada. Among those chosen was Mr. Hayden, who, with his wife and family of seven children, made their home in Cobourg.

A time had now come when the courage and enthusiasm of the minister's wife shone out with universal brightness. Mr. Hayden was accustomed to make frequent tours among the backwoods settlers, preaching the Gospel to them in their log shanties. In his absence, Mrs. Hayden not only attended to the duties of her large family, but did very much to hold together and strengthen the young and struggling church. She was faithful in every department of church work; but it was as a Sunday School teacher that her energy, her talent, and her fervent zeal were most conspicuously displayed. She was indeed the life and soul of the school, often acting as its superintendent. She taught a large Bible-class of young women, some of whom still live to speak of her noble work. To her latest hour the very mention of the Sunday School was enough to awaken her keenest interest.

Her husband died about fifteen years ago. Since then she has been gradually failing in health. But whatever privilege may have been denied her on this account, nothing but absolute illness could keep her from the Sabbath morning service.

There she was a most attentive listener, her face ever revealing the effect of the preaching upon her heart.

But the end to her earthly work and worship came at last. After a brief illness she passed away. A more fitting transition could not have been imagined. Around her were gathered her sons and daughters, her grandsons and granddaughters, aye, and even the fourth generation. She spoke but little during the last day or two; but the words we were able to catch told us that her confidence was firm to the end. Early on the morning of Sunday, the 11th inst., as quietly as the first sunlight just creeping over the eastern hills, her spirit passed away. The day that had ever been prized most highly of all the seven was appointed by her Saviour as the one to close her mortal pilgrimage and usher her into her immortal rest.

Her funeral, which was very largely attended, took place the Tuesday following her death. Seven of her children (three sons and four daughters) were gathered together to share their mutual sorrow. She was taken to Cold Springs, and laid beside the one to whom for so long she had been an efficient and loving helpmeet. Her pastor held a short service at the home of Mr. John Hayden, the Rev. C. Fish, of the C. M. Church, Cobourg, and Rev. R. W. Wallace, of London, taking part. Another service was held in the church at Cold Springs, the pastor being there assisted by the Rev. N. Burwash, of Victoria College.

As an outward memorial of her life, there is in the Cobourg school-house a beautifully decorated window. But her truest and most abiding memorial is in the lives of those who were blessed by her labors; in the hearts of those who had learned to esteem her friendship.—*H. P., in the Canadian Independent, May 22nd, 1879.*

COBOURG, MAY 15TH, 1879.

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Author

Title In memoriam: James Crossen.

NAME OF BORROWER.

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